

FUNERAL TEARS

Upon the Death

O F

Captain William Bedloe.

SAd Fate! our valiant Captain *Bedloe*,
In Earths cold Bed lyes with his head low:
Who to his last made out the PLOT,
And Swearing dy'd upon the Spot.
Sure Death was Popishly affected,
She had our Witness else protected:
Or downright Papist, or the Jade
A Papist is in Mascarade.

The Valiant *Bedloe*, Learned *Oates*,
From Popish Knives sav'd all our Throats:
By such a Sword, and such a Gown
Soon would the *Beast* have tumbled down.
They Conquer like the *Hebrew King*,
And Oaths at *Rome's Goliath* sling:
And never take God's Name in vain;
As many Oaths, so many slain.
The stoutest of the *Roman Band*
Could not their thundering Volleys stand;
But all those Millioners of Hell
By dint of Affidavit fell.

Great things our *Heroe* brought to light;
Yet greater still kept out of sight:
And for his King, and Countries sake
Still new Discoveries could make:
In proper season to relieve,
He still kept something in his sleeve;
He was become for *England's* good,
An endless Mine, a wasteless flood;
Still prodigal, yet never poor,
No spending could exhaust his Store.

But Death, alas! that Popish Fiend,
To all our hopes has put an end;
Has stop'd the Course, and dry'd the Spring
Which new Plot-ridings still would bring.

This Witness (did the Fates so please)
Had sworn us into Happiness;
Made the Court chaste, Religion pure;
And wrought an Universal Cure;
Sworn *Westminster* into good Order,
Reform'd Chief-Justice, and Recorder:
The Land from *Romish* Locusts purg'd,
And from *Whitehal* the Chits had scourg'd
Had judg'd the great Succession-Case,
And sworn the Crown to the right place.

England! The mighty loss bemoan!
Thy watchful Sentinel is gone.
Now may the Pilgrims land from *Spain*,
And undiscover'd cross the Main.
Now may the Forty Thousand Men
In Popish Arms be rais'd agen;
Black Bills may fly about our ears;
Who shall secure us from our Fears?
Jesuits may fall to their old sport
Of Burning, Slaying Town and Court,
And we never the wiser for't.
Then pity us; Exert thy Power
To save us in this dangerous Hour.
Thou hast to Death Sworn many men,
Ah! Swear thy self to Life agen.